

THE EYE

OCTOBER 2018
VOLUME 9
ISSUE 1

FREE



COVER BY OLIVIA NEVINS-CARBINS

AN OPEN LETTER TO YOU, YES YOU

DEAR STUDENTS, FACULTY, FRIENDS, AND FAMILY,

WELCOME BACK THE SCHOOL IS NOW IN FULL SWING, AND IT'S THE DAY YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR, THE EYE IS BACK IN ACTION.

THIS IS A NEWSPAPER

THIS NEWSPAPER IS OPEN TO SFAI STUDENTS, ALUMNI, STAFF, AND ANYONE ELSE AFFILIATED WITH SFAI. THIS NEWSPAPER DOES NOT FUNCTION PROPERLY UNLESS IT HAS SUBMISSIONS, SO SEND ME YOUR PIECES THROUGH EMAIL, GIVE THEM TO ME IN PERSON, OR SEND THEM MY WAY IN A PAPER PLANE, BUT JUST GET THEM IN BY THE SUBMISSION DEADLINES.

THE EYE IS MEANT TO GIVE THE SFAI COMMUNITY AND EVERYONE IN IT OR INVOLVED THROUGH THE PERIPHERY A CHANCE TO SHARE THEIR IDEAS, THOUGHTS, ADVERTISE, SHOW PIECES AND WORKS IN PROGRESS, AND SO ON. WHAT-EVER YOU WANT TO DO YOU CAN DO HERE, WITHIN REASON.

THERE HAVE BEEN A LOT OF SHIFTS HAPPENING WITHIN SFAI AND THE COMMUNITY, SO HOLD ON TIGHT AND KISS YOUR FRIENDS, MAKE WORK, AND SUBMIT TO THE EYE.

WITH LOVE,

SOPHIE APPEL



EDITOR
SOPHIE APPEL

THANKS TO
JEFF GUNDERSON
COLE SOLINGER
NICHOLAS ESPEJO
SOPHIA ALEXANDRIA COOK OCTOBER 19, 2018.

HANDWRITING BY
GEORGE KUCHAR

THIS IS A NEWSPAPER

JOIN US

THANK YOU TO ALL WHO
CONTRIBUTED

THE NEXT SUBMISSION
DEADLINE IS

SEND
SUBMISSIONS TO

SFAEYE@GMAIL.COM

EXPLAINING DEATH
TO RAE, AGE 8

BY MEGAN RAMIREZ



Shemuel ha-Nagid
(993 - 1056)

Come Together Now, the Time Is Ripe
Come together now, the time is ripe, when night blends into day,
And see the land adorned in woven raiment like a queen,
And drink you now the blood of grapes and contemplate the rose
Whose blossoms seem like crimson or like blood-
See how it's petals bloom in such impeccable array,
As lovely maidens' perfumed cheeks now cling to blushing men.

שמואל הנגיד

התקבצו כי הזמן תמים
התקבצו, כי הזמן תמים / עתה בקו לילות בקו ימים
וראו פני ארץ אשר לבשה / סותי בנות מלך מרקמים
ושתו דמי ענב עלי ורד / צציו כשני או כמו דמים
- וראו פני עליו אשר צמחו / יחדו מחברים ומתאימים
כפני יפת תאר מבשמים / דבקו אלי פנים מאדמים
י.

Shemuel ha-Nagid,

Plays an amazing role in Spain's Golden Era as we well know. Statesman, warrior, ambassador, Secretary of State, community leader and poet. Here he contrasts the love of wine with the rose and femininity, womanly attributes. Viniculture has simply been used as a lovely metaphor for life, in many a poet's musing. Stopping to smell and contemplate roses, the queen of flowers, takes time, most of us don't have or care not to give. Perhaps as the poet suggest with a little wine, and a happy spirit we can stop to contemplate the simple yet meaningful things in life.



Samuel De Lemos

[Beside The Long, Tidal River]
Cole Solinger

In patience
Along your silent green
Wading silt
Of pioneer time
Sweet as bramble
That furrow the bank
Blackened with summer
Sentinel storm
To break the blue
Dalmatian eclipse
As in sky
Before the rain blue
As in water
Mirror of seduction,
Blue.

(Amherst, Massachusetts 2017)



11:11

I was there for
you
then you
were gone.

Frank Nunez

~~are you BLACK~~
~~are you Black~~ Are
~~you Indian what~~
~~are you what are~~
~~you you Black~~ Are
~~you Black~~ Are
~~you BLACK~~ ~~what~~
~~Are you are you~~

Nathaniel Devivo

I would like to believe
that like innocent kids
we decided to let the poison
run free through our veins.
but we did not, consciously
we let it possess us,
break us down to the core.

Who could have believed
our souls to be denuded,
stripped and exposed so.
take my hand, follow me love
Follow my steps and I will follow yours.
let's put all our fears
in that tiny box by the edge of your bed,
and look at the world right in the eyes.

We traded our clothes for our skins,
one more layer down,
one more wall down,
bringing us closer to our essence.
we traded words such as
fear, shame, distrust
for words such as
courage, love and trust.

We now own the power
to break free from reality,
abandon to each other's
darkest corners.
walk away from the surface
and venture into the depths
of our very own universe.

Close your eyes
and listen carefully.
can you hear him?
the kid inside your
screaming, laughing,
looking at the world as an endless playground.
set him free,
let him dance,
let him laugh,

@mm

The past couple years of being at San Francisco Art Institute has shown more change than anyone was prepared for. We've had amazing staff leave recently who had contributed so much to their departments communities, like Renee Rhodes and Asuka Ohsawa. We've had new positions created to save the school money, but ended with staff becoming spread too thin. Tuition is rising, and more students are leaving SFAI for a combination of reasons.

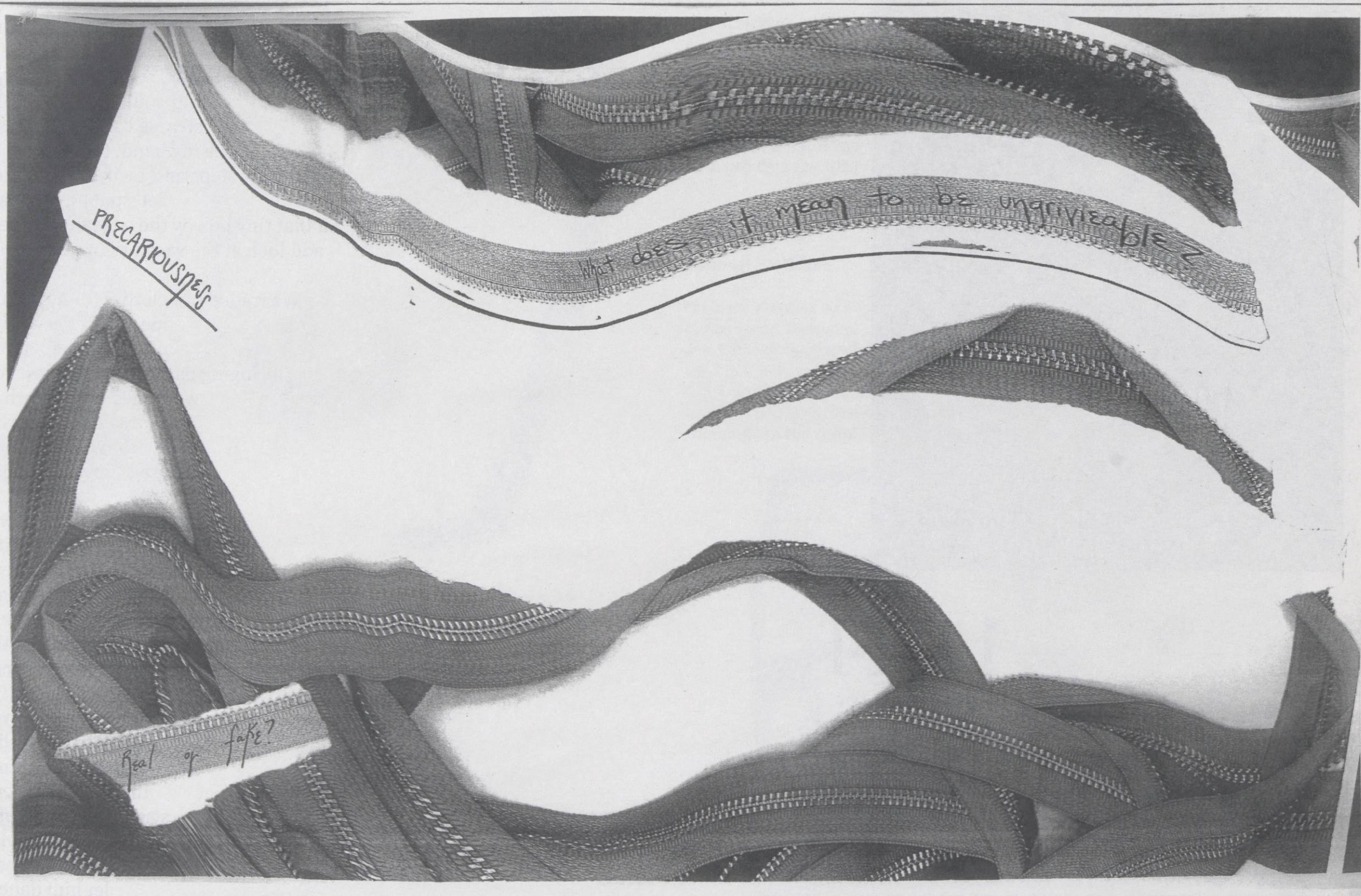
As a student who has to take out loans and will have to pay them off, I use what is left of my energy after school and work, and put it towards paying extra attention to the SFAI community and what is happening around us. I understand that many students are in similar circumstances and may not have the time to get involved, or aren't aware of the resources available to get a better understanding of the community. The more students and staff are involved in conversations surrounding the school, the clearer these conversations become and in the end we will have more control in decisions made by the administration.

I'm writing this as an introduction to a series for The Eye. This is for those students who don't feel able to participate in Student Alliance, whether it's due to shyness, being uninformed or a shortage of time and energy. This is for the new arrivals on campus, it is an informative space for you to learn about SFAI's issues and a rapidly changing landscape. Due to a history of unclear communication from the administration to the students, we have to resort to providing the information to one another. I want to share what's happening on campus, specifically the Chestnut campus, and bring notes from the Student Alliance meetings to everyone. The information discussed in these meetings impacts us all, and my goal is to help make it more accessible.

STUDENT ALLIANCE MEETINGS EVERY WEDNESDAY AT NOON IN THE MCR



April Lynn
"Hush, or I will give you something to cry about."
2018



Sophia Alexanderia Cook

Chica PLEASE!

CONFESSIONS, STORIES, ADVICE BY DIRTY DARLING

Featuring Paloma + Paloma



my mom thinks ART school is a DUMB
Idea. I think I agree with her, But it's
too late, what do I do? - NERVOUS NETTLE

everyone thinks art school is dumb. Get over
it/yourself. Go to the library, read a book,
DRINK some water - embrace your fellow
artist students - pet animals BUT NOT
BAD ONES

IS it possible/safe to
masturbate in the DORMS?

- BETTY
BLUE BALLS

Depends, I recommend
quietly in the shower,
OR wait FOR your room-
mate to not be home.
Please wash your
fingers AFTER

DEAR DIRTY DARLING, why
don't I have a pet dog?
ever I see dogs with
owners on the SF streets
I get so Jealous!!!
ugggh - puppy pervert

puppy perv, you are
probably too young
+ broke to be a
dog owner - wait
until you are
older

I am always
dirty BUT hate to shower,
How do I deal? - DIRTY FREAKY

FREAKY, keep wet Rag in
your BAG TO STAY clean -
Add essential oils FOR
Added Freshness! goodluck!

ASK ME
QUESTIONS!
I LIKE TO HELP
People
improve
Their Lives!
LOVE DIRTY
DARLING

DO FAMOUS people dream at night?

Will I regret my HAND TATTOO?

What if we all wake up tomorrow
and SF is gone?

Will I ever
stop thinking
about sex?

Will I ever
have sex
again?

BIG ART SHOW TOMORROW
UNDERGROUND - HYPER NEW -
RIGHT NOW - UNDER YOUR
BED - IN THE SINK - UP YOUR
NOSE - LOOK AND SEE. INSPIRE
YOURSELF

REAL WORDS FOR REAL PEOPLE
DON'T BE SAD DARLING

24 HOUR ACCESS FREE
WATER YUMM
WATER

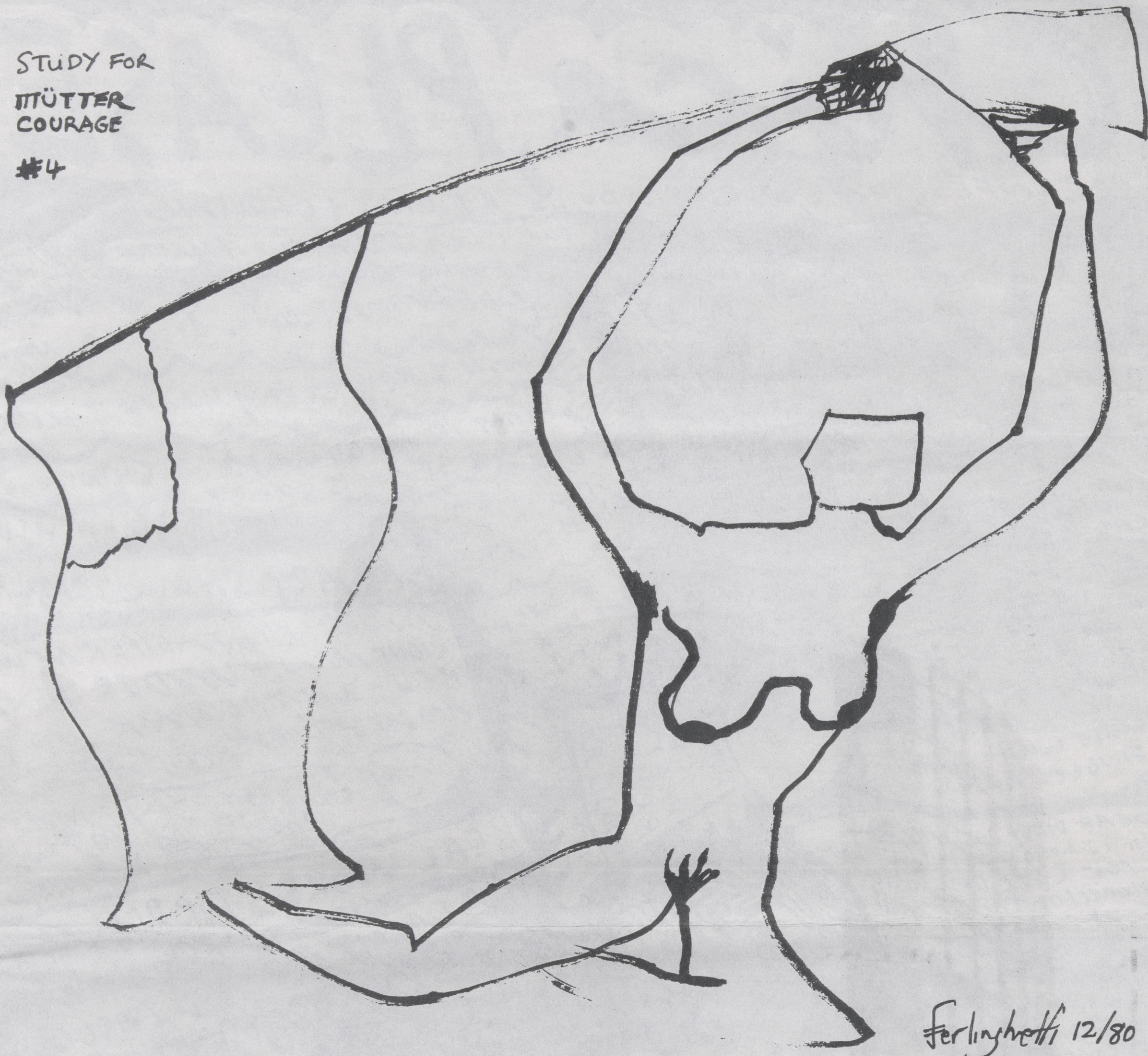
STUDIO TIME GOOD TIME

PALOMA SAYS,
"life is too
short to be
Nervous around
people!"

LOVE THE ADVICE

Email your questions to:
askdirtydarling@gmail.com

STUDY FOR
 ITTÜTTER
 COURAGE
 #4



Ferlinghetti 12/80

TOWARD A NEW SOCKO-REALISM

communiqué #1

The last issue of this paper lifted Antonin Artaud's "All Writing Is Pigshit" out of context in City Light's Artaud Anthology. I could say just as well, out of context, "All painting is

pigshit," and I would be closer to the apocalyptic Artaudian truth. For, indeed, Artaud would say that nothing but pigshit has been produced in modern painting of the past 25 years.

Hilton Kramer just said in *The New York*

Times : "We are in the era of art without tears or conflict." When the leading art critic of the eastern establishment can get away with such a statement, you know the arts are in trouble. In view of what's coming up in the 1980's, it would be less heartless and less mindless to declare that "the era of art without tears or conflict" should indeed be buried. The dominance of the cool, the hard edge, the under-stated, the minimal in art has been going on much too long, attesting as it does to the general gutlessness of the artist turning his back on the real tears and conflict of the world. The death of this decadent sensibility is long overdue, and I am looking forward to a new insurgent social realism with new subjective depths, a gut reaction in the mind and heart and to the new social fascism which may be upon us - a new insurgent articulation of the free man in the face of our murderous military-industrial perplex.

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI PIECE FROM "THE TOOT" (SFAI NEWSPAPER), 1980.

PIG-SHIT

Jeff Kipilman

ANTONIN ARTAUD HAS SAID ABOUT HIMSELF: "I AM THE MAN WHO HAS BEST CHARTED HIS INMOST SELF." ARTAUD WAS A VISIONARY POET AND ANARCHIST, SURREALIST, AND PLAYWRIGHT.

ARTAUD WAS BORN IN MARSEILLE ON SEPTEMBER 4, 1896. IN 1920 HE CAME TO PARIS, AND IN 1924 TOOK IN THE SURREALIST MOVEMENT. ARTAUD ALSO DID SOME ACTING AND IN 1927 DEVELOPED THE THEATRE OF CRUDITY, OF WHICH THE ONLY PERFORMANCE WAS THE CENCI'.

IN 1936 ARTAUD WENT TO MEXICO TO LIVE AMONG THE LARAHUMARAS. HE ALSO EXPERIMENTED WITH PEYOTE DURING THIS TIME, AND RECORDED HIS RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PEYOTE DANCE, WHICH CAN BE LIKENED TO THE LATER WRITINGS OF CASTANEDA.

IN 1937, UPON HIS RETURN TO FRANCE, ARTAUD WAS CONSIDERED IN UNSTABLE CONDITION, AND COMMITTED TO MANY HOSPITAL STAYS FROM 1937 THROUGH 1946 (IN RONEN, PARIS, AND RODEZ). ANTONIN ARTAUD DIED AT THE AGE OF 52 ON MARCH 4, 1948 AT THE HOSPICE D'IVRY.

THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXCERPT FROM THE ARTAUD ANTHOLOGY (CITY LIGHTS) :

ALL WRITING IS PIGSHIT.

ALL WRITING IS PIGSHIT. PEOPLE WHO LEAVE THE OBSCURE AND TRY TO DEFINE WHAT GOES ON IN THERE HEADS, ARE PIGS.

THE WHOLE LITERARY SCENE IS A PIGPEN, ESPECIALLY THIS ONE.

ALL THOSE WHO HAVE VANTAGE POINTS IN THEIR SPIRITS, I MEAN, ON SOME SIDE OR OTHER OF THEIR HEADS AND IN A FEW STRICTLY LOCALIZED BRAIN AREAS; ALL THOSE WHO ARE MASTERS OF THEIR LANGUAGE; ALL THOSE FOR WHOM WORDS HAVE A MEANING; ALL THOSE FOR WHOM EXIST SUB-IMITIES IN THE SOUL AND CURRENTS OF THOUGHT — AND I AM THINKING OF THEIR PRECISE WORKS, OF THAT AUTOMATIC GRINDING THAT DELIVERS THEIR SPIRIT INTO THE WINDS — ARE PIGS.

THOSE FOR WHOM CERTAIN WORDS HAVE A MEANING, AND CERTAIN MANNERS OF BEING; THOSE WHO ARE FUSSY; THOSE FOR WHOM EMOTIONS ARE CLASSIFIABLE, AND WHO QUIBBLE OVER SOME DEGREE OR OTHER OF THEIR HILARIOUS CLASSIFICATIONS; THOSE WHO STILL BELIEVE IN TERMS; THOSE WHO BRANDISH WHATEVER IDEOLOGIES THAT BELONG TO THE HIERARCHY OF THE TIMES; THOSE ABOUT WHOM WOMEN TALK SO WELL, WHO TALK OF THE CONTEMPORARY CURRENTS OF THOUGHT; THOSE WHO STILL BELIEVE IN SOME ORIENTATION OF THE SPIRIT; THOSE WHO FOLLOW PATHS, WHO DROP NAMES, WHO FILL BOOKS WITH SCREAMING HEADLINES — ARE THE WORST KIND OF PIGS. AND YOU ARE QUITE AIMLESS, YOUNG MAN! NO, I AM THINKING OF BEARDED CRITICS. AND I TOLD YOU SO: NO WORKS OF ART, NO LANGUAGE, NO WORD, NO THOUGHT, NOTHING. NOTHING; UNLESS MAYBE A FINE BRAINSTORM. A SORT OF INCOMPREHENSIBLE AND TOTALLY ERECT STANCE IN THE MIDST OF EVERYTHING IN THE MIND. AND DON'T EXPECT ME TO TELL YOU WHAT THIS IS CALLED, AND HOW MANY PARTS IT CAN BE DIVIDED INTO; DON'T EXPECT ME TO TELL YOU ITS WEIGHT; OR TO GET BACK IN STEP AND START DISCUSSING ALL THIS SO THAT BY DISCUSSING I MAY GET LOST MYSELF AND EVEN WITHOUT REALIZING IT, START THINKING. AND DON'T EXPECT THIS TO BE ILLUMINATED AND LIVE AND DECK ITSELF OUT IN A MULTITUDE OF WORDS, ALL NEATLY POLISHED AS TO MEANING, VERY DIVERSE, AND CAPABLE OF THROWING LIGHT ON ALL THE ATTITUDES AND ALL THE



NUANCES OF A VERY SENSITIVE AND PENETRATING MIND.

AH, THESE STATES WHICH HAVE NO NAME, THESE SUBLIME SITUATIONS OF THE SOUL, AH THESE INTERVALS OF WIT. THESE MINISCULE FAILURES WHICH ARE THE DAILY BREAD OF MY HOURS, THESE PEOPLE SWARMING WITH DATA...THEY ARE ALWAYS THE SAME OLD WORDS I'M USING, AND REALLY I DON'T SEEM TO MAKE MUCH HEADWAY IN MY THOUGHTS, BUT I AM REALLY MAKING MORE HEADWAY THAN YOU, YOU BEARDED ASSES, YOU PERTINENT PIGS, YOU MASTERS OF FAKE VERBAGE, CONFECTIONERS OF PORTRAITS, PLAGUE OF MY TONGUE.

I TOLD YOU SO, I NO LONGER HAVE THE GIFT OF TONGUE. BUT THIS IS NO REASON YOU SHOULD PERSIST AND STUBBORNLY INSIST ON OPENING YOUR MOUTHS. LOOK, I WILL BE UNDERSTOOD TEN YEARS FROM NOW BY PEOPLE WHO THEN WILL DO WHAT YOU ARE DOING NOW. THEN MY GEYSERS WILL BE RECOGNIZED, MY GLACIERS WILL BE SEEN, THE SECRET OF DILUTING MY POISONS WILL HAVE BEEN LEARNED, THE PLAYS OF MY SOUL WILL BE DECIPHERED.

THEN ALL MY HAIR, ALL MY MENTAL VEINS WILL HAVE BEEN DRAINED IN QUICKSLIME; THEN MY BESTIARY WILL HAVE BEEN NOTICED, AND MY MYSTIQUE BECOME A HAT. THEN THE JOINTS OF STONE OF STONES WILL BE SEEN SMOKING, ARBORESCENT BOUQUETS OF MIND'S EYES WILL CRYSTALLIZE IN GLOSSARIES, STONE AEROLITHS FALL, LINES WILL BE SEEN AND THE GEOMETRY OF THE VOID WILL BE UNDERSTOOD: PEOPLE LEARN WHAT THE CONFIGURATION OF THE MIND IS, AND THEY WILL UNDERSTAND HOW I LOST MY MIND. THEY WILL THEN UNDERSTAND WHY MY MIND IS NOT AT ALL HERE; THEN THEY WILL SEE ALL LANGUAGES GO DRY, ALL MINDS PARCHED, ALL TONGUES SHRIVELED UP, THE HUMAN FACE FLATTENED OUT, DEFLATED AS IF SUCKED UP BY SHRIVELING LEECHES. AND THIS LUBRICATING MEMBRANE, THIS DOUBLE MEMBRANE OF MULTIPLE DEGREES AND A MILLION LITTLE FISSURES, THIS MELANCHOLIC ANN VITREOUS MEMBRANE, BUT SO SENSITIVE AND ALSO PERTINENT, SO CAPABLE OF MULTIPLYING, SPLITTING APART, TURNING INSIDE OUT WITH ITS GLISTENING LITTLE CRACKS, ITS DIMENSIONS, ITS NARCOTIC HIGHS, ITS PENETRATING AND TOXIC INJECTIONS, AND ALL THIS WILL BE FOUND TO BE ALL RIGHT, AND I WILL HAVE NO FURTHER NEED TO SPEAK.

THE ANTONIN ARTAUD PIECE FERLINGHETTI REFERENCED IN "THE TOOT", 1980.

ليس بإمكانني وصف كيف تجعلني احس انني لست مرغوبة
كأني صاخبة جداً، كأني معبرة جداً، بشعة بالنسبة لك
أحياناً اتخيل نفسي أعض على لساني حتى يبدأ بالنزيف عليك ثم علي، لم يعد هناك شيء يمكنني قوله

شيخة -

I can't tell you how unwanted you make me feel.

Like I'm too loud, too expensive.

Too ugly for you

Sometimes I picture myself biting my tongue till it bleeds all over you and I, there is nothing left to be said for that.

Shaikha



Ocean Escalanti



The Garden (Balozi, Kekasvas Pagasts)
2015
Colloid Silver Bromide

About Jacobs:
Stephan Jacobs (BFA '98) is the old crooked fool who turned me onto photography. He not only was my mentor, but also a lifelong friend, and a former pupil of Linda Connor. These images were made in Germany, where he spends every summer teaching a colodion process course at the Bauhaus University. Jacobs currently teaches at Emmanuel College in Boston, MA. He resides in Jamacia Plain, and leads a simple life making pictures, tending to his garden, and antagonizing youths with his socialist agendas.

Colleen Donovan